SIGN POSTS TO SUCCESS.

Herbert Kaufman

To High Brow, Low Brow and Browbeaten.

Ideals are not attained without ideas. A career must be thought out and then fought out.

Goals are easily chosen, but seldom reached.

Wit must survey the way—then grit must build the road.

Sagacity projects the dream and tenacity perfects the scheme.

The world derives no benefit from the inert, content with believing in betterment—only from those intent to achieve it.

We do not lack standards—we stand in need of standardbearers.

The market is crowded with teachers ready to supply knowledge for a paltry sum, but commerce and industry are constantly crying for the unusual mind which can apply the rules of the schools.

College may train you how to think, but observation alone will tell you what and where to think with profit to yourself and your time.

Culture furnishes a finish—action provides a start.

Text-books are filled with keys to success, but practical experience locates the problems which await unlocking.

There's work enough for all the eyes and hands on earth.

Year by year society removes for the son a barrier which thwarted the father.

Day by day philanthropy and humanitarianism minimize the handicaps of poverty and reduce the adverse chances for the paupers' children.

The greatest difficulty that faces you is the choice of that

occupation to which your temperament and abilities are best suited.

The turning of learning into earning is the test that differentiates the theorist from the producer.

Within stone's throw of every human, opportunity offers a chance for originality and determination.

The resources of the future are only limited by the resource of eager brains.

As soon as one inventive faculty displays a neglected highway a dozen minds are quick to detect a score of by-paths which the pioneer himself overlooked.

Inspiration breeds aspiration and competition.

He who erects a stronger telescope than his predecessors is always rewarded by a new star.

This is the great hour. What has been done is an insignificant earnest of the potentialities of the mighty eras beyond the dawn.

Now is the time to think, now is the time to strive, now is the time to do.

But men who trudge in time-worn ruts, who search in crowded thoroughfares, who look for opportunity in exhausted fields, who prospect in sterile mines, who plant their efforts in abandoned soil, who inquire of tomorrow from yesterday, must live unnoted and die obscure.

Feet alone can never find the passage to the heights of fame. Imagination is the searchlight that unmasks the path, and none but the dauntless can reach as far as they can see.

COMPOSER CLAIMED TO HAUNT REHEARSALS OF HIS MASTERPIECE

OUEER Happenings on Sacred Ground of Paris Show People-In the Church of the Minstrels and Street of the Jugglers-The Patron Saint of Actors-How the Players Feel About the Ghost's Appearance-Sterling Heilig on the Scene With His Camera.

IE old theater of Arts et Metiers, has excitement

A new ghost has to haunt it. The Gaite-Lyrique

France's most popular composer, it is well known, talked continually about "Panurge" during his last illness. A chorus girl's mother saw a disputed passage—perfectly according to the final work of his old age he put, suddenly, all the mellow optimism and sage reconciliation with life of one who saw, already, wider horizons. "Panurge" is already, wider horizons. "Panurge" is already work, as Vanni Marcoux was annoyed by an uncoux of appliance or tragic subjects, but "Panurge" is give signs of appliance or criticism of appliance or criticism of the fire department. It might tricians of the fire departmen All Massenet's earlier operas deal with sad or tragic subjects, but "Panurge" is rollicking comedy. It is as if the great composer wished to make amends for the heartrending view of life his works had suggested. Certainly Massenet desired ardently to see and hear "Panurge" produced, and those beside him marveled how he planned and counted on it, to his last beseth

duced, and those beside him marveled how he planned and counted on it, to his last breath.

Time passed—the proper time.
"Panurge" is being rehearsed at the Municipal Opera House, with Vanni Marcoux, one of the handsomest singers of Parls, in the title role.

And Massenet is there.

And Massenet is there.

stage. became. finally, a subject of mystery and uneasiness. No one could get near "him." Yet when somebody said "ghost," Stage Manager Labis was displeased; and Emile Isola, moneyed man and co-director, would not hear it.

"Nothing of this to the public," he said.
"Not a word to the reporters; it looks too much like a bid for notoriety. They would laugh, and you understand, no And Massenet is there. Or something in the nature of Massenet

to please everybody.

Do elemental forces, decked in the aspirations of the dying master, condense kind of personality round the music would put it—is his spirit wafted back on the wings of melody? The witch of Endor fetched back Saul by chanting and strange lights.

on edge. In an innocent love affair she had slipped behind a pile of accessories, but instead of her blue-eyed boy an old man was there, "like a black lump." The



GROUP OF ARTISTS ON THE STAGE OF THE GAITE LYRIQUE STARTLED BY THE GHOST IN THE MIDST OF A REHEARSAL. CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA, BY ISOLA

The scream of a chorus girl set every one shadow.

rehearsal continued. At a certain point of a partition a discussion concerning tempo rose between the orchestra leader and Vanni Marcoux. Twice the former began the phrase again, according to his the wings, or a seated figure, with its imagined him to be sulking, when the senet."

Toure not atraid of Constantin: "Un spoke the orchestra leader. "No." he said. "We all know who it is. It's Massenet."

Vanni Marcoux, arriving, heard the name pronounced. "Yes," he said. "We both saw Master the wings, or a seated figure, with its imagined him to be sulking, when the

ould laugh, and, you understand, no ould the verge of demoiselles were not all on the verge of demoiseles were not all on the verge

THIE TAKEOUT HAD DECKED GROOM OF THE DHOM POSINESS THE DAKE F.I.

JUGGLERS RAN STRAIGHT THROUGH THE SITE OF THE PRESENT THEATER.

some who leans on air. Lacy Arbell, attention, he glauced at the ordered at the order at the ordered at the order at the ordered at the order at the the teats of the the ordered at the order at the ordered at the order at the ordered at the order at the ordered at the ordered at the order and the related to the ordered at the order and the related to the ordered at the order and the related to the ordered at the order and the related to the order at the order

may as there, "like a black lump." The rehearsal continued. At a certain point to a partition a discussion concerning temporate to the same was one or often. from the start, a form gilde in the same year, or a seated figure, with its face. hidden in its hands.

None recognized Massenet at first, it would seem. A minor member of the code of the same ment of the same much of the same ment of the same ment of the same ment of the same much of the

guild, whose chancellor was the prevost ask for seats and get them. She also come of the Church of St. Julien of the Mingave them a meal and a smile. For 500 ton: strels, just round the corner. It is the years in Paris all went together to the only church in history frequented ex-It was this Church of Sts. Julien and Constantin, who never appears to but Genest across the square. "Old Paris" of makes him worse.

he Church of the Minstrels was

old philosopher, whose divine bottle haits secret. What was the one word-

at a dinner in New York: "I wish it to be understood that my

poems are not putting me in the Carnegie or Rockefeller class. "While my poems afford me a competence, I am still hit hard by the story of

"Who is that young man who is paying you such marked attention?' Mrs. Blanco, a society leader, asked her

"'He is a poet, mother,' the young girl 'Gracious!' cried the mother. 'And can you, a millionaire's daughter, serious-ly contemplate throwing yourself away

on a starveling poet?"

"'Oh,' said the young girl, 'you don't understand. He isn't an ordinary poet. He writes poetical advertisements."

"'My darling,' said the mother, 'call him up at once. I'll ask him to our weekend house party."

No Better-Perhaps Worse.

CHAIRMAN UNDERWOOD, replying to a millionaire who was against the income tax, said at a luncheon in Washing-

"I am not astonished that he should oppose this tax. Prosperity doesn't always make a man better. Sometimes it